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Title: My Last Confession

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This fever is plaguing me  
to no end. I fear it shall  
be my end. In fact, I  
know it. Those who read  
this after I depart this  
cruel world, know that I  
knew of my demise ahead  
of time. But, not before  
I correct the wrongs I  
have committed.  
Aye, I am the wife of  
Barnes Noble, aye, I  
am mother to Ceridwyn  
and Siren, and our  
adopted daughter,  
Myrrima. But I am  
mother to another, as  
well. Ceinwyn, thou art  
my child. You know much  
of the story already, yet  
the woman you grew up  
with was not your  
mother. She took you in  
to aid me. You must  
understand, at the time, I  
was alone, and on my  
own. I had not met  
Barnes, or seen the  
world. All I had ever seen  
was the small shop that  
my parents kept.

None of us were prepared  
for the attack that day,  
upon the town of Trinsic.  
I was hanging our laundry  
in the yard, when I heard  
a horrendous noise. The  
city walls burning to the  
ground. It was terrible.  
Monsters, horrible  
monsters came that day.  
I stood in shock, as a  
dark man approached me,  
with hate in his eyes. A  
strange color, those.  
Violet, a violet I had  
never seen before. He

advanced on me, and I,  
afraid and frozen with  
shock, just stood there.  
He grabbed me by my  
hair and pulled me into  
our house. He proceeded  
to rape me, all the while  
uttering curses and  
insults at humanity. As if  
through me, he was  
taking revenge. I later  
learned that he was a  
Drow Elf. I also learned  
that I was pregnant. My  
parents sent me away  
until my daughter  
was born.

Then, Ceinwyn, you  
began living with my  
very much older  
sister. Our parents  
hoped for a suitable  
match for me, as we  
were in dire need of  
gold. And so, they  
married me to the  
first available decent  
fellow of worth,  
Barnes. Noone was  
ever to know of this.  
Though my sister  
harbored resentful  
feelings, I hope she  
showed you no  
ill-will, Ceinwyn. We  
did what we had to  
do. I used to visit you,  
to watch you play, and  
see how you grew. I did  
not know how bad things  
were until later, or I  
would have taken you  
home with me. I think  
that mayhap I feared you.  
For you resembled that  
Drow incredibly. They  
must have strong traits,  
to see nothing of me in  
you, but your skintone. I  
regret that it has taken  
me this long to recount  
this tale. I know it will  
come as a shock to all  
of you. I beg that your  
time has ended. Weird, I  
feel suddenly, so terribly  
weak....\*\*\*The rest  
of the sentence is a

scribbled line that  
continues up, over, and  
onto the next  
page\*\*\*\*\*Wet spots  
dot the page, as if  
tears fell\*\*